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A Sea Sunrise.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.

UPON the couch of night grim shadows lie;
From wind-tossed clouds there falls not one
glad ray

To guide the helmsman wet with brine; yet day
Stands close. Along the eastern hills the sky
Is tinged with saffron light; the shadows die,

And from the sea uplifts the morn fog, gray:

A gleam of gold creeps 'cross the white-capped
bay

And sharply ends where dash the breakers high.

A Race-War Justified.

THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98.

RACE-SUPREMACY is the ruling
passion of the nineteenth century.
Whether it is Teuton or Kelt,
Anglo-Saxon or Latin, it is certain
that the supremacy of the Cauca-
sian is to be universal. Nowhere
is this assertion better illustrated than in our
own Southern States, and nowhere has the
determination of the white man been more
unwavering. No determination was ever more
pertinent than that of the North Carolina
voters—"The whites must rule."

That it was a necessity for the white people
of North Carolina to deprive the negro of his
right of suffrage last fall has been variously
argued. We maintain that it was necessary;
that it was just, and that the means taken were
the best possible, the most practicable and
humane.

Two years ago the Populists combined with
the Republicans and the 110,000 negro voters
of North Carolina, and defeated the Demo-
cratic party. The Fusionists, then, in order to

make future victory secure, enacted laws that
would put negroes in office, and thus be able
to retain the negro vote. A statute passed by
this Fusion Legislature provided that the gov-
ernor appoint five out of the ten aldermen of
the city of Wilmington. Of the five aldermen
to be elected, two were in wards with very
decided negro majorities. This practically
took the government of the city out of the
hands of the intelligent, tax-paying citizens.

This Fusion Legislature also provided for
the election of magistrates by a popular vote
instead of their being appointed by the legis-
lature. This soon gave the negroes thirty-six
magistrates, most of whom were ignorant,
incapable, and without any legal knowledge
whatever. There were many other negro office-
holders—all equally incapable. The register of
deeds, and the deputy sheriffs of New Hanover
County were negroes. Forty negro policemen
and a chief of police were chosen by the negro
board of aldermen in Wilmington.

As a result of negro rule in Wilmington
and other North Carolina cities, law, order,
and the public welfare were shamefully dis-
regarded. White people were brought before
negro magistrates, and fined and imprisoned
for all misdemeanors, without trial by jury.
White men were convicted for supposed mis-
deeds on mere pretenses. Negro policemen
treated arrested white men with the utmost
severity.

On the other hand, negroes accused of
crimes, of which they were clearly guilty,
were acquitted; robberies were of almost
nightly occurrence; yet little effort was made
to prevent these outrages, and very few of
these nightly marauders were ever brought
even to trial. White women were insulted on
the streets. Negro newspaper editors pub-
lished the most defamatory articles against
the virtue of the white women of the South.
Yet these insulting ruffians were never molested

in the least. Even when an attempt was made to bring a criminal to justice, the deputy sheriffs—unable to read and write—were successfully avoided on every side, and, consequently, the criminal escaped. Was it not a necessity that this state of affairs be changed? Was it not then necessary for the peace and order of society that these destroyers of justice be again kept out of office? This was the object of the North Carolina voters in forbidding the negro the right of suffrage.

When a change in the regulation and government of society is necessary for its general welfare, there must be the elements of natural justice to warrant such change. Is it not fundamental that he who bears the burden shall have the right of determining the means of laying it on? If so, then it is the white people of North Carolina who have the right to make the laws that shall govern their society.

In the County of New Hanover, in that state in which the city of Wilmington is situated, the blacks are three-fifths of the population; yet they pay only 3 per cent. of the taxes. In the city of Greenville the total tax paid by the four negro aldermen amounts to \$1.47; while out of the revenue of \$5500 per annum of Greenville, \$2830 goes to pay non-tax-paying negro office-holders. From the County of Craven, whose county-seat is Newberne, the state senator, a negro, had thrice been convicted of forgery. This state of affairs existed over the entire eastern portion of the State known as the "black belt." Now, if this condition of things is not contrary to right and justice, then the saying "Might makes right" is true. We deny that "Might makes right." If it were so, then the weak and few would always have to yield to the wishes of the strong, no matter how opposed to natural justice these wishes might be. Furthermore, if we were to grant this doctrine we would allow the end to justify the means. The only solution is, therefore, that the condition of affairs in the "black belt" were directly opposed to the rules and principles of right and justice. Consequently, the white people, who understood the value of these rules and principles, and knew how to enforce them, were justified in restraining them to their place in the government.

When necessity and justice require a modification in the government of society, there must be a means toward that end. We do not hold that the end justifies any and all means; but we contend that the end, when legitimate, justifies the use of the best possible and most

practicable means. The means chosen by the voters of North Carolina were practicable, and the best possible under the circumstances.

There were two probable methods for overcoming the evil of negro rule: one was to educate the negro; the other to keep him away from the ballot-box. The first method was not practicable, and the accomplishment of it could only be viewed from afar off with but little chance of possibility. After thirty years of freedom and equal advantage with the whites for education, the negro remained at a stand-still. How long it would take to educate him was delving too far into the future for even the most speculative minds to solve. Thus the first method received very little consideration. Then to deprive the negro of his right of suffrage was the only practicable means left; and the manner in which it was carried out was even-handed and humane.

Political lines were disregarded, and white men marched to the polls on election day, not as Democrats, nor as Republicans, but as men determined to uproot a common evil. Two Democratic candidates for the Legislature withdrew, and two men from the ranks of the business men succeeded them. The white Republicans put no ticket in the field. All the whites voted for the business-men's candidates. This shows how far removed politics was from this social revolution. It is indeed but a fair example of one of the many means chosen for a peaceful solution of the problem. The negro vote was suppressed, and no undue force was used. The "red shirt" brigades that rode about the country, terrorizing the negroes, committed no wanton assaults upon them. They simply frightened the negroes away from the polls. It was either do this or resist them forcibly at the polls, because their votes had to be suppressed for the welfare and order of society.

For the trouble that happened after election day, the reader is referred to the *Forum Magazine* for January, 1899, from which the statistics given in this paper were taken. Most of the blood shed in Wilmington occurred after election day, and the article in the *Forum* by Mr. West, treats of it in a very candid manner.

Now that we have seen that the action of the North Carolina voters last fall was necessary, just, and carried out in the most humane manner, we hope that some practical solution of the negro question will be given. The white man must work out the problem for the black man, and then force it on him.

The Fall of the "News."

EDWARD C. BROWN, '99.

There was bitter rivalry between the *Morning News* and the *Daily Eagle*. Matlock, the town in which both newspapers were published, had only ten thousand souls, and it could not support two daily newspapers. Hence, this rivalry was really a struggle for existence. A half column in the editorial page of each paper was devoted to "our esteemed contemporary." The *News* filled the rest of the page with praise of Mr. Bryan and arguments for free silver; but the *Eagle* supported the republican platform.

The Spanish-American war furnished much matter for contention. The *News* searched the large Eastern papers for editorials derogatory to the republican administration in general and Mr. Alger in particular. The *Eagle* used a great deal of space to refute these "vile slanders" and to eulogize Mr. McKinley. The *News* attributed the great death-rate at Camp Thomas to the negligence of the officials; and the *Eagle* said it was caused by the soldiers themselves. In this contest the *Eagle* had a decided advantage. It was not printed until late in the afternoon, while the *News* was an early morning paper.

One day the *Eagle* printed some statistics of the late war, comparing the death-rate of the United States troops with the death-rate of some of the European armies. As every one knows, such a comparison could easily be made very flattering to our army. In an editorial the *Eagle* flaunted these statistics in the face of the *News*, referring to the latter's "vile attempts to slander Mr. Alger." Truly, it was a hard blow to the editor of the *News*, and some prompt action was necessary. That evening a friend telephoned to the *News* office, from a hotel and said:

"Harris, there is a fellow here that was down in Cuba. He's the worst kicker I ever saw. Send Jenkins up and you can get a good story."

Jenkins was not in the office, and the editor took the case into his own hands. At the hotel he found Park, the soldier, in his room. Park was very talkative, and when the editor gave him a cigar, his tongue was freed from all restraint. The editor explained his purpose, and asked if Park had been at Santiago.

"Well, I should say so; and I was glad to

get out of it. My chum, Billy Mason, and I agreed to go together. We lived on farms near Ritter; and one night we skipped down to New York and enlisted in the Seventy-First. Billy was a great fellow, and before he had been in the army a month he was a corporal. He used to tell me that—"

"But, Mr. Park, tell me about the Santiago campaign."

"I was glad when we landed in Cuba, because it was hot and dirty on the transport. I never thought much about the fight. I didn't care whether I was shot or not. I was always in trouble at home, and I guess they were glad to have me go. But I felt sorry for Billy. He was engaged to a fine girl, and if it hadn't been for me he wouldn't have gone."

"How was your food during the time you were in Cuba?"

"Food? why, partner, we didn't get any! For three days I lived on hard-tack and dirty water—three hard-tacks a day, and while I was in the trenches I got less. Some of the boys were worse off, because Billy managed to get me an extra hard-tack now and then. When we went into Santiago, I walked along the streets where thousands of soldiers had marched, and I found a piece of pork in the mud. I washed and cooked it, and, honestly, it was the best meat I ever tasted. It was the first I had had since leaving the United States."

The editor smiled as he made a note of this speech, and asked:

"Why did they not feed you better?"

"Because they didn't want to. Outside the harbor there was a ship loaded with good things from the North, and the stuff was spoiling, but they wouldn't give it to us. The boys used to lie awake at night thinking of home and groaning with pain; but the officers, with plenty to eat and drink, didn't care. One day I said to an officer: 'Sir, I am starving. I haven't had anything to eat for three days except a little hard-tack.' 'Well,' said he, 'that's good enough for dogs.'"

The editor was delighted as he pictured to himself the chagrin of his opponent.

"What about the fight?"

"When the order came to charge, all of us were scared a little. The Spanish ships had opened fire and the shells were coming pretty near to us. A fellow right near me was hit in the face with a stray bullet and he dropped dead. I tell you I wanted to run. I said to Billy, 'Let's get out of here,' but he gave me a look that made me ashamed of myself.

"Once started we were all right; for no one knew what he was doing. When a man would drop, we would close up without seeming to notice him. The Rough Riders were sent forward first. They got mixed up in barbed-wire fences, and the Spaniards were shooting from three sides. Their officers got excited and the men didn't know what to do. The Spaniards were shooting them down, when the niggers came up and drove the Spaniards back—wherever you see a nigger soldier shake hands with him, for he is a fighter. I don't believe that the Rough Riders killed a man. One of them told me that they did not run because they were too scared to do so. Roosevelt didn't know what he was talking about when he said that one Rough Rider could lick twenty volunteers. It was just the other way.

"The Seventy-First made the best fight. After we made our charge the Spaniards had enough of it. And cool! why, when the shells were bursting around us and men were dropping on all sides, the officers drew us up in line as though we were on dress parade. While we were drilling, Billy was hit in the chest. He turned to me and said: 'That bullet will make a good watch charm.' Some of the fellows said we were rattled; but they came up before we got started. See those blisters on my hands? I shot so many times that my gun got hot and burned my fingers."

The editor listened patiently awaiting an opportunity to ask a question. At last Park was silent, and the editor asked:

"Where was Shafter?"

"He was three miles away, eating a fine dinner with wine and cigars. When we fellows were climbing over barbed-wire fences—that's where I cut my hands and shoes—and thinking that every minute would be the last, Shafter was reading a newspaper."

"Were you sick?"

"When I left home, I weighed one hundred and fifty pounds: when I came back, I weighed ninety-eight. I had malaria for five weeks, and the treatment I got wasn't fit for a dog. One of those doctors told me that he had gone to school for only a year; but he said we fellows were good for him to practise on. The fellow next to me had typhoid fever, and he was out of his head most of the time. One day he hit the doctor with a glass; the doctor gave him a kick and walked off. Another time I was dying for a drink; an attendant was sitting near me writing a letter; I told him what I wanted, and he said:

"'Confound it! Don't you see I'm busy?'"

The editor's joy was boundless. Here was a man that had suffered all the privations of the soldier in Cuba. The *News* had often denounced the war department, but its statements had been taken from other papers. Here was a chance to do some original work. The editor pictured to himself the humiliation of his opponent, and was happy. After paying a good price for a piece of a dead Spaniard's uniform, he left.

The next morning the *News* printed this interview in the first column. The article dwelt principally on the food and sickness. The truth was so greatly exaggerated that Park would not have recognized what he had said. That evening the *Eagle* came out with an accusation that took the breath away from the editor of the *News*. It accused him of fabricating the whole story. "For," it said, "we telegraphed to New York, and found that George Park did not enlist until the tenth day of September, and he was never in Cuba."

Unity.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

Have you ever reflected on the meaning of the word chaos? Perhaps your idea is of darkness not utterly impenetrable, of an illimitable void filled with vague, incongruous shapes, whose unordered movements cause an oppressive bewilderment. It is as hard to conceive of chaos as of space. We consider order as an inherent property of matter. We can not understand that which obeys no law. We may read the dim expression of the result—"And the earth was without form and void." The Spirit, the wisdom of God, touched that disorder, and from the waste was evolved the parts of a universe.

Some one has defined life to be "A living relation of lifeless atoms." What a mysterious force that can transmute the foul mud of a noisome puddle to the wax-white, green-robed lily,—an emblem of purity, a sweet-scented personality! What a wonderfully potent activity that builds from coarse bits of meat and bread the temple of a soul! We call it Nature. The shapes of sky and land are continually forming and reforming—forever striving after unity out of parts. The cycle of change goes from multitudes to aggregations, to compounds, to complexities, to life. The brain decom-

posed is no better than a mushroom, yet somewhere in its living labyrinth are born "These thoughts that wander through eternity."

Within the narrow limits of the skull nature speaks with spirit. Outside she strives forever after simplicity, oneness; and we call it harmony. It is in the color of the sky for him that looks for it; in the music of the wind vocalized in the tree tops. The streams and groves have a shadow of the Deity after all, and the nymphs and nixies are myths only to those who have lost their sense of the unseen. He who, with deep, unruffled mind, walks among natural trees and flowers, feels around him a presence. He is aware of it in the sultry hum of summer noons; it walks with him in the calm and solitude of winter nights. No wonder that when the ancients lost the idea of God, they turned to Pantheism! The Reality lost, the imperfect image must be worshipped.

Creation is the word of God, the symbol of infinity, omnipotence, unity. The Beautiful is that fugitive, pervasive quality infused into matter which gives it a life above the organic—a suggestion of the Perfect that brightens, but does not blind material eyes. Its power is in the relation and sympathy of innumerable things: of tones in music; in painting, shades; in literature, ideas. It can not be altogether secured by rules, for it is on the border-land of the tangible; and the immaterial is as elusive as the lingering light of dusk. A musical composition is played by a master of technique, and we marvel at his skill, at the nice sense and perfect obedience of his fingers. But on another occasion, perhaps the same man plays the same composition, and we forget his fingers, himself, ourselves. He is in the border-land. He is inspired.

Art consists in delicate, indefinable distinctions and affinities. It hovers on the outline of what it would express. Not many strokes of a master-hand are needed to draw the line. Shelley gathered and condensed in a few simple words what was beautiful in the song of the skylark, in the morning air, and the deeps of the sky. There are only a few fundamental sounds in music. It is from the grouping of the variations, the deviations from the regular, that the delicate structure of a masterpiece arises. It is only the lightest fringes of the physical that claim kinship with the unseen. Art acts upon the conception of sublimity, and her symbols must harmonize. They must be placed together in regard to their sympathies. The resultant effects must be one.

Varsity Verse.

TWO VIEWS.

WITH light blue eyes that on me shine,
With pretty face and dark brown hair,
Oh! Marguerite, to me you are
Of all the maids most fair.

Yet, sometimes, when I plead to you,
Despite your eyes and dark brown hair,
It seems to me you surely are
Of maids the most unfair.

B. E. C.

THE NIGHT OF THE BIG WIND.

In Ireland, so the story goes,
A terrible wind-storm once arose;
It blew and blew across the moor
And carried away from Mulligan's door
His stove-pipe hat and Sunday coat,
His cruiskeen lawn and nanny goat.
And, then, oh blessed saints, ochone!
It struck the shanty of Tim Malone.
The house came down with an awful thug
And the cork blew out of the little brown jug.
O'Grady's flat was swept away
And Casey's too, so the good folk say.
It gave the land a terrible shake
And spoiled the fun at Donovan's wake.
A sorrier sight was never seen
Than the wreckage left at Skibbereen.
At Doolan's home it raised a row,
For it carried off his Jersey cow;
And they say his galloway perished too,
The night that terrible wind-storm blew.

P. J. R.

LIFE.

The day breaks, and a flood of light
Pours out upon the land; the sun
Goes down, and in day's track stands night—
Our life is spent e'er scarce begun.

J. F. F.

THE SAME OLD JOB.

With A, B, C, the child doth strive,
And the task full often vexes;
But when he's old 'tis all the same,
For he strives with "V's" and "X's."

E. C. B.

A LEAF.

(From the French of Arnault.)

"From thy branch torn away,
Poor leaflet, dried and gray,
Where do you go?"—"I can not tell.
My only aid the oak
Before the storm-blast broke;
And on the wavering swell
Of the south or northern wind
Today myself I find
Borne from forest to plain,
From hill-top to valley deep.
I go where the wild winds sweep,
And fear not nor complain.
The end of all, my end too, shows;
I stop where dies the leaf of the rose
And where the laurel leaflet goes."

J. F. F.

The Jury System.

JAMES F. MURPHY, '99.

During recent years much discussion has arisen concerning our present method of trial by jury. Some persons are in favor of modifying it; others think it should be abolished altogether. The majority of people, however, regard it as a custom almost absolutely necessary to our republican form of government. The American people look with disfavor upon anything that tends to the centralization of power in the hands of any one man. This feeling was, perhaps, stronger in the past than it is now, yet, it still exists; and so long as it does exist, the people of this country will never willingly give up the right of trial by jury.

This custom originated in England. Some writers trace it back to the system of recognitions, according to which the sheriff of the county, in which the cause of action arose, selected four knights living in the county, and they picked out twelve other knights to serve as recognitors. These recognitors were to find out the truth of the matters in controversy, either by their own private knowledge, or by special inquiry. If they agreed to decide one way or another upon the question at issue their decision was final; if they failed to agree more knights were added, and so on until twelve of their number fixed upon a verdict.

Whether or not our jury trials sprang from this ancient institution is of little importance to us. The system is now thoroughly established in the United States, and it is to be hoped that it will never be abandoned so long as it serves the ends of justice as well as it does at the present day. Our Federal Constitution, at the time of its adoption, contained a provision "That the trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury." And the seventh amendment expressly declares that, "In suits at common law where the value shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved." Thus, it is a constitutional right which belongs to every American citizen, and a right with which very few are willing to part.

At common law, the duty of the jury in the trial of a cause is to decide upon the fact; and not infrequently are they called upon to decide upon both law and fact, as in cases of libel,

where the fact and the law are inseparable. As a rule, however, the jury have to deal only with the facts as they are presented to them during the course of the trial.

This does not require an extraordinary amount of learning; ordinary intelligence is sufficient. It is immaterial what amount of education a jurymen has if he is able to tell right from wrong when they are both presented to him under the form of disconnected evidence. Common-sense is the first thing requisite for a jurymen. If he has his due share of that, complaints about his ignorance are meaningless. Moreover, the men that continually harp on the ignorance of our juries are the very persons that make it a point to shirk jury service themselves.

It is often argued that a judge, on account of his judicial training, is better qualified than a jury can be to pass judgment upon the existence or non-existence of a certain state of facts. Still, there are many persons that claim the reverse to be true. They hold that the judge is in a measure separated from the world outside the court-room. His time is wholly taken up with his judicial duties, and very often he is unfamiliar with the simplest customs and habits of the community over which he has jurisdiction. The jury is composed of men selected from the locality in which the cause of action arose, and, as a rule, are men of experience and sound judgment. It seems reasonable that these men are better fitted to pass judgment upon a matter of fact than a judge would be.

The jury consider many things in every case which a judge would not notice; furthermore, they are familiar with business methods, and with the methods abounding in their particular locality. No distinction is made between the men composing the jury; nor has any state the right to discriminate between men, called for jury service, on account of race, color or creed. Other things being equal, a negro has as much right to serve on a jury as the white man. Many professions, however, are exempted, and a few excluded, and for obvious reasons.

The jury system may entail a few evils; but the same thing may be said of every human institution. It may be cumbersome at times; but its practical value more than makes up for this defect. Even after considering its evils and defects, it stands forth as an assurance to every citizen that his rights shall be protected and preserved. Though it may sometime happen that a criminal will escape punishment at

the hands of his jurors, still it is quite certain that an innocent man will never be convicted for the crime of another.

Because jury trials have proved a failure in other countries is no reason that they will do so here. The nations that found it necessary to abolish this system are composed of very passionate peoples. They are moved by sentiment rather than by reason, and consequently they are apt to judge rashly. Americans are entirely different. They think for themselves, and when called upon to serve in the jury-box they adapt themselves to the requirements of the office more easily than do people of other nations. They recognize the grave responsibility placed upon them, and they realize that their vote, if improperly cast, may cost the life of some innocent man. Even at the present time in those countries where the system of jury trials either has been abolished or has never been in vogue, justice is most uncertain. Honest men are often punished, while culprits run at large. Judges are gruff and unmerciful, and no man is sure of his rights whether absolute or relative. Courts frequently trample upon right in the name of justice. And we have no good reason to believe that we should fare any better were jury trials abolished in this country.

Judges are human, and are apt to become hardened by continually listening to the constant repetition of crimes and misdemeanors. The same is true of ourselves. Let the story of a bloody murder be told to us for the first time and it shocks our moral senses; but let the same story, though somewhat varied in detail, be told to us day after day, and in a short time it will make little if any impression upon us; we become used to it; so does a judge. He settles into a mechanical way of discharging his duty, and, perhaps, with no intention on his part, causes no slight evil in the district over which he has jurisdiction. We have good examples of this in many of the police courts of our large cities.

Generally, in these courts the judges have full sway; and, as some one has said, "They often reverse the presumption of law, that a man is innocent until proven guilty." They take it for granted that he is guilty; and unless he can clearly establish his innocence he is subjected to a heavy fine. This would not occur, however, if these cases were tried before juries. The jury acts as a check on the judge, and in many cases a much-needed check. The common impression is that juries are

prejudiced against corporations and trusts. This unfortunately, or rather fortunately, is, in a measure, true. Everybody, as a rule, except perhaps judges, look with disfavor upon corporate bodies. Yet, not a few judges, we are told, accept passes, and in various other ways place themselves under obligations to these creatures of the law.

The jury system in its present condition gives far better satisfaction than could be obtained without it. Disagreements occur, but these are few when compared with the number of cases tried. Church interests and political aspirations creep into the jury-box at times, but these cases are growing less from year to year, and it is to be hoped they will soon be unheard of. It is next to impossible for a man prejudiced against either side of a case to get on the jury now. The attorneys are given greater freedom in their examinations; and if a dishonest man passes them it is their own fault. These flaws in the system dwindle into practically nothing when compared with its many benefits. Perhaps one of the greatest of these is, that it makes every man feel that he has some part to fulfil in the administration of the laws of his country. It is a responsibility placed on the people that fascinates them and gets them interested in the workings of the judiciary branch of the government; and it not only awakens their interests, but instils into their hearts a feeling of respect for the laws of the country.

The Burglar.

ROBERT L. FOX.

"Did you hear that, Maud?"

"No—what?"

"Why that noise. I believe there is a burglar in the cellar. I heard the wash-tubs fall over."

Just then there was a rattling noise like a tin pan falling to the ground.

"Gracious!" said the first speaker as she sat up in bed, "go and call the girls."

There was not a man in the house. The four girls had come there during lent to have a few weeks' rest. The house belonged to Maud's uncle who had gone abroad and had left it to the care of the girls. Two of them slept upstairs. They were awakened by a voice calling them:

"Girls, come down quick!"

The two girls soon appeared at the bottom

of the staircase with faces as white as their night-robos.

"What do you think?" whispered Maud excitedly, "there is a burglar in the cellar."

"Oh, go on! you're fooling."

"No, no, Jane and I heard him."

"What shall we do?" said one of the girls under her breath.

"I have a plan. Let us make him believe there are men in the house and we will scare him out. I'll put on uncle's boots and walk up and down the floor."

The girls thought it was a very good plan.

Soon Maud had on a pair of her uncle's riding boots and was walking heavily across the floor.

"Oh! that'll not do," said Jane, "your uncle takes longer steps than that."

With this Maud started out with a long stride stamping heavier than before. The other three girls sat around watching her with serious faces.

"Now, some one say: 'Have a cigar, John,' real loud."

Jane who had the deepest voice of the four cried out in as low a tone as possible: "Have a cigar, John."

To make it more real she got a match and struck it.

"I wonder if he's gone?" said Maud as she sat down almost exhausted from carrying around the heavy boots. "Some one go to the cellar door and see."

"You go," said one of the girls, "you are the bravest."

"I think I did enough to scare out the horrid thing."

"Well, let us all go," said Jane.

The four girls started for the kitchen on tiptoe. Maud followed behind with the boots on. When they arrived in the kitchen there was another consultation as to who should open the cellar door. At last one of the girls consented.

Slowly and cautiously she pulled back the latch and opened the door. The girls peered down into the darkness.

Suddenly, crash! went another pan. They gave a shriek and fled to their bed-room, but poor Maud still had on those clumsy boots. She tripped and fell. The other girls were safe in their room. She tried to rise, but she was tangled in her long night-robe. Soon the burglar would be upon her. She looked around and saw—a meek little kitten coming through the cellar door.

Plautus and "The Captives."

JAMES J. TRAHEY, '99.

Titus Maccius Plautus was born at Sardina, a small town of Umbria. The exact date of his birth is not known. The best authorities agree that he was born in the year 254, B. C. "Like Shakspeare, from the obscurity of a country town, he plunged into the glittering tumult of his country's metropolis to seek his fortune; like him, he began in the most menial services of stage life, a career whose culmination was the topmost niche in the temple of dramatic art in the age in which he lived."

The Romans, for whom Plautus wrote, were, like the Americans of today, a practical, matter of fact people. They cared little for speculative contemplation, and preferred the comedies of Plautus to the serious, intellectual dramas of Sophocles. Here, again, they agree with the business man of our own country, who rejects the plays of Shakspeare, and finds his delight in evanescent comedy.

The age of Plautus was averse to tragedy. The genius, tastes and habits of the Romans called for the brisk action of comedy. The only tragedy they would admit was the tragedy of reality—the gladiatorial combats, the display of human violence and cruelty.

The Greek might choose the solemn, tender dialogue of the "Antigone" in preference to the comedy of Aristophanes; but the Roman never hesitated to hold the plays of Plautus as superior to the tragic productions of Pacuvius or Attius. The Roman could not appreciate the pathos, tenderness, and delicate emotions of tragic art; he must have the rudeness, activity and mirth of comedy or the lacerations of the arena.

Plautus interpreted these feelings and tastes, and in consequence of his ability to give them a pleasing presentation on the stage, he became a national poet of unrivalled reputation. The scene of his plays is often laid in Athens, or some other town in Greece, and the plays themselves are constructed on Greek models; but his characters speak and act as genuine Romans. The letter may be foreign; but the spirit, which gives life, is always thoroughly national.

"The Captives" is looked upon by most critics as Plautus' best play. It is an exposition of parental love and friendship. Its tone

is purely moral, and its dialogue is free from the many vulgarities and positive obscenities that characterize some of his other productions. Its greatest defect is an excessive use of bad puns. This abuse is often carried to an offensive extreme, and at times mars the delicate touches of characterization and incident that would produce a striking effect if handled with more conscious art.

The humor we find in "The Captives" is generally that of the modern newspaper; it is the burlesque representation of the goat giving the country peddler a "lift" in the rag-business. It is the humor that a long name often suggests: "Thensaurochysonicochysides."

The plot is skilfully woven together, the interest never flags from the beginning. The latinity of this play frequently surpasses in simplicity and force the elegant and polished conversational periods of a Ciceronian epistle. No wonder that the Muses, if they were to speak Latin, would employ the diction of Plautus. I should consider his prologues defective, however, inasmuch as they reveal the intricacies of the plot. They lack that art with which Shakspeare handles his introductions. The overture in Plautus is too loud.

There were three classes of parasites employed by the Roman comedians. The first were the jesters, who bartered jokes for substantial food; the second were the flatterers, who fed the vanity of others for a greater recompense than the jesters received; the third were the officious, who secured their meals by performing the most menial services.

Ergasilaus, in "The Captives," is the parasite; he belongs to the third class. His character is that of an idealized glutton. In his distress he invokes the god of satiety, and a moment later he proclaims himself "Jupiter Supremus." He corresponds to the fool of the Middle Ages, or the clown of the Shaksperian drama.

His humor is generally good, but at times it becomes very coarse and even vulgar. There is more genuine, refined wit in ten sentences uttered by the clowns in Hamlet than a dozen characters like Ergasilaus could produce in a lifetime. The fool in "Lear" is deeper and stronger in his folly than the parasite in his sanity. Of course, we must not forget that the former is a vital element in the construction of the play—the mirror in which the character of the old king is reflected. The fool's "jests bubble up from the depths of a heart struggling with pity and sorrow, as foam enwreathes the face of deeply troubled waters."

The parasite, on the contrary, is simply a tool or a machine whose primary function is to make puns and coarse jokes for a promiscuous and mirth-loving audience. We are pleased with "The Captives," because of its extreme simplicity in dialogue and diction, its rapidity of movement, and its clever presentation, but we look in vain for the delineation of character. We must turn to the "Comedy of Errors," if we would enjoy the humor of Plautus and the characterization of the English dramatist.

Books and Magazines.

ELEMENTARY PHYSIOGRAPHY. By Alex. Morgan M. A., D. S. C., F. R. S. E., Longman's Green & Co. London and New York.

A new edition of a text-book intended for an introduction to the real study of the various branches of Physical Science; it treats of the earth, what is on it, in it and about it, classifying the general facts, and pointing out the simpler laws governing natural phenomena. The subject-matter is well arranged, and the illustrations and diagrams are numerous and appropriate; many of them were prepared especially for this work.

—*The Ladies' Home Journal* for February comes in an unusually attractive cover, the face of which presents a very pretty winter forest scene. The present number of the magazine is of interest not only to the "ladies," for whom it is ostensibly published, but for all who relish good reading and wholesome advice on subjects that are too infrequently dwelt on. "Through the Prisons with Mrs. Ballington Booth" is the first and most pretentious article in the February *Journal*. There is a deeply interesting account of the largest ranch in the world. This immense domain, known as the X. I. T. Ranch, is situated in Texas. It is so extensive that the two states of Rhode Island and Delaware could not contain it. Its area is over three million acres, or almost five thousand square miles. It was granted by the state of Texas in exchange for the Capitol at Austin. The pictures of the "Prettiest Country Homes in America" are instructive to a high degree, and the pictures of the gardens make one ardently long for summer. St. Valentine's Day is anticipated in the present issue by a charming little poem titled "A Colonial Valentine." The departments devoted to cooking, dress, hygiene, etc., are doubtless well conducted, and should prove of interest.

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} Reporters.

—The Basket-Ball Team from Rush Medical College will play here this evening. As announced in our last week's issue, this team is composed of nearly the same players that defeated us last winter, so we may expect a lively contest on the gymnasium court today. We hope to see every student of the University in the gallery when the game begins, to cheer our men to victory, for we must win this time.

In connection with this game the SCHOLASTIC takes the liberty of offering a suggestion. If there are any complaints to be made about the decisions of the officials, would it not be better to leave it to our captain to make these complaints? At the last game, whenever a seemingly unfair decision was given, the audience at once showed its disapproval by hissing. This may do very well at a second-class ball game where the bleachers are well crowded. At best, it is ungentlemanly, and should not be practised here. The audience is always a Notre Dame crowd, and should conduct itself as such. Our captain is capable of looking after the interests of his players. Do away with hissing; it is uncourteous toward the visiting team; it shows lack of confidence in our captain; it is an insult to the umpire, and a reflection on Notre Dame.

—In response to a kind invitation, a small party representing the SCHOLASTIC staff left the proof sheets on their desks uncorrected, laid aside their pens, and went over to the Academy to be present at the entertainment last Wednesday evening. Of course, there was much dusting of clothes, and the dishevelled hair that had been pulled and twisted in labored attempts to construct a few lines of verse, required much brushing before ye editors could deem themselves ready to appear in the presence of their tasteful cousins. Nevertheless, the young gentlemen, cross and pessimistic as they may appear about the sanctum, are not loth to assume a pleasant look and avail themselves of a "good thing" when it comes their way. And this explains the meaning of those unaccustomed smiles that were seen last Wednesday, for the entertainment, like every thing at St. Mary's, was a "good thing."

We can not be personal in speaking of the merits of the entertainment to show why it was excellent. That would be unnecessary; for anyone that has attended any of the exercises at the Academy knows better than we what the young ladies can do in the entertainment line. The musical program, vocal solos, choruses, orchestra selections and piano solos were what they always are at the Academy—excellent. We fear to say more, for the SCHOLASTIC has little claim to any musical ability, and perhaps it is wise not to pass remarks on those farther advanced than ourselves. The solo of the "Inflammatus" carried us back to the band concerts of last year, when Mr. O'Brien used to make our corridors ring with the strains of the same selection. The recitations were good, and lacked the "stagy" affectation so common among elocutionists. In regard to the essays read,—well, the old SCHOLASTIC just wishes it had a few like them to present to our readers. The editors' estimate of their ability to compose and write on difficult subjects dropped away below par when they heard these papers, and we hope to have the pleasure of reading them in the next issue of the *Chimes*. A few of us had thought of making an attempt to win the next prize offered by the *Century*; we have since concluded that the honors will go to some ladies' academy, and hence withdraw before the contest begins. The members of the Board of Editors that attended the entertainment desire to return thanks for the invitation and for the pleasure afforded them.

Our Men at the Milwaukee Meet.

In this issue of the SCHOLASTIC we take pleasure in presenting to our readers the photographs of the three men that represented our track team at the athletic carnival in Milwaukee last Saturday. Mr. J. Fred Powers, Captain of the team, Mr. Patrick J. Corcoran, and Mr. William W. O'Brien were chosen, after close competition, as the men most likely to carry away the honors, if any were to come to Notre Dame. Captain Powers came back not only with honors but also with the Western Intercollegiate record for the high jump. The previous record was five feet and nine inches; Powers cleared the bar at five feet ten and a quarter, thus raising the standard by more than an inch.

The men left Notre Dame last Friday morn-



J. FRED POWERS.

ing accompanied by Manager Eggeman, and Coach Powers of the baseball team. There were more than twenty teams entered to participate in the games. The Universities of Chicago and Notre Dame were the only colleges that had representatives there. Among the other teams were the well-known First Regiment team of Chicago, the Chicago Athletic Association and the Milwaukee Athletic Association. These three teams have some of the fastest and best amateur athletes to be found in the West. Taking this into consideration together with the fact that Notre Dame had registered in the meet only three men, whereas some of the other teams had as many as fifteen and sixteen, it is not a small matter for us to feel proud that we secured the fourth place in a list of so many competitors.

The meet was conducted in the large Ex-



PATRICK J. CORCORAN.

position Hall by the Amateur Athletic Union. The building is commodious and well adapted to suit the requirements for an indoor carnival. The galleries accommodated no less than six thousand enthusiastic spectators, thus leaving the floor below clear for the competitors. In the seventy-five yard dash the men had a straight track.

The most interesting event of the whole evening was the high jump. As the bar kept raising on the standard Powers went over each time on the first trial. His closest competitor, Kaake, went down on the first and second trials, but managed to get over on the third. When the bar reached five feet ten and a quarter inches Kaake could not clear it, and the event went to Notre Dame's Captain. Powers went over the bar twice at five feet eleven inches and a quarter, but knocked it down with his hand when coming to the ground. In the races O'Brien and Corcoran gave the other competitors a close run for their places.



WILLIAM W. O'BRIEN.

The Lady or The Tiger.

Jack Hall was sitting in his well-furnished apartments, idly watching the rings of smoke as they ascended to the ceiling and lost themselves in the clouds of smoke above. Outside all was cold. The wind whistling spitefully around the corner and the mournful rattle of the window-frames were the only sounds that tended to break the tomb-like silence of the room. Though still a young man, Mr. Hall was not possessed of the alertness and activity that is attributable to most men of his age. Not infrequently did he allow whole weeks to pass by without ever stirring from his room, except when business called him. On Sunday evenings he usually went to call on Miss Alice, a very dear friend of his; occasionally, too, he wandered to the spacious club-rooms not far from his home. The other evenings he spent sitting before the grate dreaming idly the reveries so common to bachelors.

Jack was congratulating himself that he had a warm room, and he half pitied those that were less fortunate than himself. While he was musing in this manner, there was a sharp knock on the door. He was given a note.

DEAR JACK:—Come over tonight at 9 o'clock. I want to see you ever so much.—ALICE.

His happy thoughts caused by this dainty little note, were rudely shattered by a second knock on the door, and on opening it he was handed another note that read:

JACK, OLD BOY:—Come over to the club at 9 o'clock with a big roll, as we are going to have a quiet little game.—FRANK.

Jack settled himself in his cosy arm-chair and sank into a deep study. At last he jumped to his feet, as though he had made a firm resolution of some sort, rearranged his neck-tie, parted his hair carefully in the middle, took his hat and cane and went out into the night to keep his engagement with whom—
The Lady or The Tiger? D. E. C.

A Notre Dame Man in Cuba.

Judging the tree by its fruits, the course in Civil Engineering at Notre Dame, over which Professor Martin McCue presides, is a most thorough and practical one. Its graduates invariably have shown themselves to be skilful and efficient engineers, and not a few of them are holding positions of trust and responsi-

bility. Notable among these is Mr. Christopher Fitzgerald, C. E. '94, who is with the army in Cuba.

A letter of recent date from Mr. Daniel V. Casey, Litt. B., '95, who is *The Chicago Record's* correspondent at Havana, tells of what Mr. Fitzgerald is doing for the 7th Army Corps. Mr. Casey writes so interestingly that we print, in its entirety, his account of Mr. Fitzgerald's work:

Lieutenant Christopher C. F. Fitzgerald, '94,—the "Chris Fitz" of the early nineties—is the second in command of Co. "7" 2d U. S. Vol. Engineers now on duty at Camp Columbia, near Havana. There is only one battalion of engineers to look after the physical well-being of General FitzHugh Lee's entire 7th Army Corps, and "Fitz," who is easily the most efficient engineer in the battalion, has grown brown and lean by reason of much work and exposure to sun and rain. He has had charge of all the railway construction—switches, sidings and spur tracks—done at Marianao; and while he was waiting for his rails and ties to be ferried over from Savannah he managed a gang of two hundred insurgents of Gen. Menocal's command who had consented to lay water-pipe for the United States at five dollars a week per head. Every man of the two hundred was armed with machete and rifle, and "Fitz" knew Spanish of the pantomimic sort, but he hammered more work, his major says, out of his gang than any other officer on the line. Camp Columbia's water-supply is piped seven miles from the Vento reservoir in the hills back of Havana, and the leading of the mains down to Buena Vista, where Lee's headquarters flag flutters by day, was the first big job undertaken by the engineers. "Fitz" saw the mains as far as Buena Vista before the quartermaster's department delivered over to him his beloved rails and ties.

The switch-points and angle-irons had been left in Savannah, but "Fitz" supplied the lack by borrowing, in another burst of pantomime, a dozen points from the general manager of the United Railways of Havana. The angle-irons he had forged in the battalion machine shop, and when the first freight car rumbled out to camp full of government stores, there was a side-track to receive it. Major R. H. Savage, commander of the battalion, calls Fitz his "right-hand man," and gives him the delicate jobs to manage. Savage's battalion landed at Havana before Thanksgiving, a full three weeks before the first regiment of Lee's corps arrived, so winning the honor of being Havana's first American garrison. During the summer it did yeoman service at Chickamauga and Montauk Point, sailing to Savannah and laying out Camp Onward after the last of the Santiago regiments had been sent home. At college "Fitz" was an engineering enthusiast, and in '95, a year after his graduation, he broke into the engineering department of the Big Four System, where he won step after step by clever and faithful work. At the outbreak of the late war, Gov. Mount gave him a commission as lieutenant of volunteer engineers, and assigned him to Co. "7" of the second regiment. "Chris" is enamoured of Cuba and the Cuban señoritas, and it is quite possible that he may return to the island after the mustering out of the battalion to teach the Cubans how to make smooth road-beds and fast time—a lesson they sadly need.

Beyond the Gates.

When a youngster ten or twelve years of age smokes a cigarette with the certain result of becoming deathly sick, we explain his action by saying that he wishes to be "smart." When he is five or six years older and swallows more liquor than his stomach can hold we again say that he does so because he wishes to be "smart." But when he is thirty years of age and parades his disbelief in God and religion, we—or some of us—hold up our hands and say that he has become intellectual, a believer in private judgment, and such like. In reality, it is only the same old desire to be "smart," again showing itself.

* * *

Where our modern novelists are lacking is in the power to create characters. We have many novelists that can construct plots, fill a story with action, tell it interestingly and with grace of style; but we do not seem to have novelists that can create characters. Take any novel written within the last few years, and while we may distinctly remember the story, yet the characters have not impressed themselves upon our minds. They are mere automatons.

A few weeks ago I read Mrs. Ward's excellent novel, "Helbeck of Bannisdale," and I thought Helbeck a strongly drawn character. Yet, as a matter of fact, Helbeck is no more real to me now than would be a puppet that had acted its part in a well-told drama. On the other hand, it has been several years since I read Thackeray's "Newcomes" or Dickens' "Pickwick," but Col. Newcome and Mr. Pickwick are as well remembered as would be real persons whom I have known during these same years.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in his "Letters to Dead Authors," says of Dickens' characters: "We can not think of our world without them; and, children of dreams as they are, they seem more essential than great statesmen, artists, soldiers, who have actually worn flesh and blood, ribbons and orders, gowns and uniforms." This expresses the sentiment of all persons that have read Dickens appreciatively. But I fear that none of us would be led to make the same remark about the characters of any modern novelist. The difficulty with these is not to think of the world without them, but to imagine their having ever been in the world.

Personal.

—Mr. N. J. Comerford, of Minooka, Ill., was a recent visitor at the University.

—Mr. C. J. Sullivan, of Chicago spent Monday of the past week at Notre Dame.

—Mr. Arthur Mulberger, student, '95-'96, is attending the Harvard Law School.

—Mr. Charles M. B. Bryan, Litt. B., '97, is on the staff of a Memphis evening paper.

—Mr. Samuel J. Spalding, LL. B., '98, is in the law-office of Judge Reeves of Lebanon, Kentucky.

—Dr. James Field Spalding has completed his course of lectures at Notre Dame, and he left on Wednesday for his home in Concord, Mass.

—Mr. William P. Burns, Litt. B., '96, of Michigan City, Indiana, and his brother, Mr. Hugh Burns of Denver, have been the guests for the past few days of the Rev. Professor Burns.

Mr. Louis Edward Riedinger, student '82-'84, will be married on Wednesday, February 8, to Miss Gertrude M. Werner of Marquette, Mich. The marriage ceremony will take place at St. Peter's Cathedral.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nevins, of Orange, New Jersey, have issued cards of invitation to the marriage of their daughter, Lillian Esther, to Mr. John F. Nestor, student '81-'84, at St. John's Church, February 8.

—Mr. F. Henry Wurzer, LL. B., '98, holds an important position in the office of the Studebaker wagon works of South Bend. It is understood that Mr. Wurzer has been offered the secretaryship to Congressman-elect Brick, and that he may accompany Mr. Brick to Washington. Mr. Wurzer took a prominent part in the Congressional Election last fall, and delivered many speeches throughout the district.

—In another column of the SCHOLASTIC we print a portion of a letter from Mr. Daniel V. Casey, Litt. B., '95, in which he tells of the good work that Mr. Christopher Fitzgerald, C. E. '94, is doing in Cuba. Those that knew Mr. Fitzgerald at Notre Dame will be pleased but not surprised to learn of his success as an engineer.

—The Chicago *Chronicle* for Sunday last publishes several communications written in reply to a rabid denunciation of the Christian Churches which was published the Sunday before over the pseudonym of "Emilius." One of the replies to "Emilius" was written by Mr. Martin P. McFadden, LL. B., '94, who is Assistant City Attorney of Chicago. Mr. McFadden's article is brief and to the point, but it is sufficient to show wherein lay the fallacies and sophistries of his adversary's argument.

Card of Sympathy.

It was with much regret that we received the sad news of the death, at Michigan City, of Mrs. Trahey, the mother of our esteemed friend and classmate, Mr. James J. Trahey. We, the Class of '99, desire, therefore, by inserting this card to give public testimony of our sincere sympathy for our classmate in his great loss.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY,
MATTHEW A. SCHUMACHER, } Committee.
JULIUS A. NIEUWLAND,

Local Items.

—LILLY.—Ed., do you believe in extension? ED. (unhesitatingly).—Yes. See what a great pleasure it would be to have South Bend included in the grounds.

—Owing to the temporary illness of Prof. Carmody, the parliamentary organizations held no meeting last Wednesday. We are glad the illness of the professor was not serious and that he is again able to perform his arduous duties. The program has simply been deferred until the next meeting, and no change will be made.

—The question for the Intercollegiate Debate between Indianapolis University and Notre Dame is, *Resolved*: "That under existing conditions, the abolition, by all civilized nations, of their armies and navies other than those required for domestic police, is feasible." All candidates for places on the debating team must hand their names in to Professor Carmody not later than next Tuesday morning. It is desired that every student that can write and deliver a speech will try to secure a place on the team.

—Sunday was so cold that Brucker said the atmosphere was actually freezing in his room, that it was congealing, and he moved about with great difficulty. He uttered a few mild exclamations; but before the sound was a foot away, every syllable was frozen tight, and remained visible in the air, as if suspended. Such expressions as "Gee Corncobs," "Gol Squashit," etc., remained frozen in the air for some time, giving sufficient evidence to prove that that gentleman's language sometimes deviates from the vernacular.

—Monday evening the Sorin Hall Reading-room Association held an enthusiastic meeting. After extensive and entertaining (more extensive than entertaining) speeches by Messrs. O'Shaughnessy, Weadock and Fogarty, the fireworks began, with a well-prepared impromptu effort by Mr. Hartung. This terrific

oration made further action unnecessary, and after passing penal laws regarding the appropriation of sundry literary magazines from the library downstairs, the meeting came to a sudden halt. The regular monthly smokers will be continued.

—The following works were recently added to the Lemonnier Library:—Natural Philosophy, Wells; Lessons from Nature, Mivart; Practical Astronomy, Doolittle; Magnetism, Treatise on Electric Street Railways, Alternating Electric Currents, Electric Arc Lighting, Electric Incandescent Lighting, Electric Telegraphy, Electricity in Electro Therapeutics, Electric Heating, Electric Motor and Transmission of Power, Electric Telephone, Houston and Kennelly; Heat and Heat Engines, Popplewell; Electric Lighting, Crocker; Normal Elementary Geometry, Brooks; Indicator Hand-Book, Pickworth; Graphic Methods of Engine Design, Barker; Representative British Orations, in 3 vols., Adams; American Orations, in 4 vols., Johnson and Woodburn; History of Oratory, Sears; Orators' Manual, Raymond; Synthetic Philosophy of Expression, Brown; Physiognomy and Expression, Montegazza.

—There is nothing that can expose the charming characteristics of a truly sensitive soul and open up the floodgates of its emotions like a long-looked-for, ever-desired letter. The other day Baldwin received such a letter, or, at least one similar to it; for when we looked at him he had two sheets of closely written lines before him, and he was weeping like a barrel with a large "bung" hole. Large tears fell down with a pitter, patter; but "Bill" minded it not—he was at the fountain of perpetual youth, and he was drinking his fill. Like savages we yelled at him, destroying his poetic wanderings, and when he looked up he grasped his heart—for, to use Farragers words, "his heart was beating like the dasher in a churn." His face held that mild look of serenity which we often see in the face of the inspired. "Ah!" quoth we, "will you not read for us at least a line of your letter? If it awakens in you such feelings, and inspires your muse to so great an extent, be charitable; let us have a bit, if only a line,"—but he refused absolutely. We all envy Bill, and if by fair or foul we can discover the author of such life-giving potions we shall discover.

—Our infirmary reporter informs us that "Runt" spent a very pleasant vacation in his suite of rooms on the third floor of the invalids' hotel. He gives us a short sketch of his daily doings:

"Breakfast 8 p. m., either in bed or in the usual breakfasting quarters, according as that gentleman believes he can destroy more food in a perpendicular than in a horizontal position. Breakfast Menu:—Beefsteak, two pounds; gravy, one quart; coffee, six 'supers;' hot rolls, two dozen. After this delicate repast he seeks

the necessary comfort or support of a couch, and straightway dreams of Nero, Caligula and other men notorious for their abstemious manners. He awakes with a dark, thick taste just beyond his *elliptical* aperture, and endeavors to pass away the remaining time in a manner that will best prepare him for dinner. He reads some touching love episode, turns the leaves of a picture book with evident satisfaction, and not infrequently will you find him completely absorbed in the pages of a cook book. That he does ample justice to the noonday spread the most quarrelsome nature would not deny; for if you could have seen the table before and after I am certain your countenance would reveal your utter surprise. The afternoon and evening are not marked by any extraordinary events except that he takes unusual delight in playing old maid with 'Measely' Minim. He also finds exquisite mirth in building forts and block houses with cards, then bombarding them with terrific force, and after the victory standing in the middle of the room and imagining himself a real Hobson. Then to bed and to pleasant dreams of steak drowned in butter, coffee in boilers, and tarts by the gross."

—The Crescent Club held its Annual Carnival Wednesday evening in the Brownson Hall reception room. The club had prepared for this great *fête* with much care, and it was its own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Indeed they were grotesque. There were much glitter and glare and phantasm. There were buffoons and cake-walkers. Chas. Reuss, representing Cake-walker Coon, took first premium; Highstone, representing a Courtier of Louis IV. won second; Rob. Fox, the Indian Medicine Man, captured third prize; Art. Hayes, characterizing a hobo, won the booby prize; T. Murphy, characterized the Bell of New York; J. J. Mahoney, the tin soldier; H. Fleming, the Summer Girl; W. F. Dinnen, the Yellow Kid; Joe Tuohy, Madame Patti; Chas. Foley, Sultan of Turkey; Joe Davila, Wm. Penn; F. E. Bouza, Chicago policeman; Darst, Japanese Fairy; Robert Funk, London Swell; Shane, Our Hobson; Herbert, Snake-charmer—his figure tall and gaunt, and dressed in the habiliments of the grave; J. McLaughlin, Richard Croker; J. Mulcare, the German Hussar; W. Moore, Queen Victoria; Morales, Carmen; E. Moran, Bengalee; J. O'Brien, French *Chef*; R. Wren, Buffalo Bill; E. Ward, an Oxford Don; R. F. Smith, Phroso; F. Shott, Hettie Green; W. McNichols, Gov. Altgeld; John Morris, the Clown; J. E. Berry, Gen. Miles; W. R. Berry, Admiral Cervera; M. Divine, Little Buttercup; Danaher, Mother Goose; Hamilton, Roman Senator; Holmes, Abraham Lincoln; E. Johnson, a Vienna Dude; Joe Naughton, a Chicago Belle; J. Taylor, Long Branch Coon; P. Wynn, Dime-Medicine Freak; Lewis Nash, Cyrano de Bergerac; Casey, a Jockey; E. Dominguez,

Hidalgo Spanish; J. M. Tallomir, Gen. Weyler; FitzWilliams, Col. Roosevelt and Cain; Glynn, a Crippled Football Player; Kellner, the Arkansas Traveler; A. Gibbons, Prince Prospero. There were also a multitude of other gaudy and fantastic masquers too numerous to mention. After two hours merry dancing the evolutions of the waltzes ceased. Refreshments were served in the dining-room. Pim, Greisheimer and Fisher were the caterers of the evening. The music was furnished by the Crescent Club Orchestra. The latest waltzes and two steps gave much life to the dancers.

—AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MOUSTACHE (Continued by his Aunt).—"Yes, treatment such as mortal man ne'er before had seen, I received," continued the moustache waxing poetic. "Dillon's face ever held a scowl in my presence, and I knew that he was devising some satanic plot for my destruction. I brooded over this thought in silence, and wept deep in my heart. I was young, fit for the pleasures of life, but now death threatened me. I looked around for means of escape. Christmas was approaching. I must leave Notre Dame for at least the vacation. One night while Maloney's melodious voice was sighing Syren strains so sweet and tender that they were enticing even old shoes and pillows upon the sleeping Scylla, I took refuge with Maloney. With true Southern chivalry, he broke bread with me, and in three days we were speeding toward his Southern home.

"'Twas a grand night! The heavens shone with myriad stars; the moon floated overhead as it had done on the night Maloney quoted Shakspeare and uttered that deep, heartfelt thought, 'I'd die for you.' But now, instead of walking in the Cynthian lit air, with the twinkling stars for torches, and the winds and trees full of poetry and music, he sat in the dark glow of a Venetian lamp, and looked at an angelic face before him. Her eyes rested on the mellow eyes of the poetic Maloney, and slowly taking her hands as tenderly as if she were bringing his soul back from the kingdom of Pluto or the valleys of Charon, she gazed more tenderly at him, and said in a low voice: 'Edward, I wish that you would banish into perdition your moustache. Sometimes I think it is in the way.' Maloney sighed deeply; he remembered his promise of protection to me, and his binding promise to her—but to her he must submit. 'Let it be as thou hast wished,' he said; but when she asked him to talk to her of poetry, of love, of romance, he said 'No, not tonight—my heart is full.'

"Deserted by the poetic and chivalrous Maloney, I struck up an acquaintance with Adams, and here I now am. Adams treats me with the greatest solicitude, frequently coddles me, and has announced his intention of having my picture taken. Whether I shall submit to this or not, I do not know.

SOCIETY NOTES.

PHILOPATRIANS.—Though the meeting held by the Philopatrians last Wednesday evening was short, nevertheless, it was a very enjoyable one. Mr. S. Sullivan, with his Graphophone, entertained the society with the latest music and songs. The question, "Resolved: That football is more dangerous than prize-fighting," was debated. Mr. McCormack and Mr. Trentman upheld the affirmative, and Mr. McGrath and Mr. McDonnell spoke for the negative. Owing to the strong arguments of Mr. McCormack, the judges decided in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Morgan favored us with a recitation, entitled "S'prising Liza," which deserved much praise. Mr. Bender played several selections on the violin. Messrs. Dugan, Stanton and Murphy were admitted to the society. Next Wednesday evening the society is going to give a reception in the University parlors at 7.30. All the members of the Faculty are cordially invited.

THE COLUMBIAN SOCIETY opened for the session of '99 last Thursday, and elected the following officers: 1st Vice-President, E. T. Ahern; 2d Vice-President, D. E. Collins; Recording Secretary, F. C. Schwab; Corresponding Secretary, L. M. Fetherston; Treasurer,

J. C. Kinney; Sergeant-at-Arms, T. D. Murphy. The program of the evening was opened by Mr. Ahern with an impromptu address on "Farming in the West." Mr. Crumley followed with a declamation entitled "The Whippings," which received hearty applause. Professor Carmody closed the program by reciting "Robert of Sicily." The rendition was skilful, and was enthusiastically applauded.

LAW DEPARTMENT.—In Moot-Court last Saturday, the case of the State *vs.* Samuel Brown was finished. After listening to arguments by Messrs. Ragan and O'Malley on behalf of the State, and by Messrs. Yockey and Weadock for the prisoner, the jury disagreed, and was discharged. The Indiana Glass Company, represented by Messrs. Steele and Hartung, sued the city of South Bend to recover on \$30,000 worth of bonds. The city, represented by Messrs. Haley and Weadock, demurred to plaintiff's complaint, and after skilful arguments by all of the attorneys, the court sustained the city's demurrer.

Of the four men that represented the University at the Milwaukee meet, three—Messrs. Corcoran, O'Brien and Manager Eggeman—are students in the Law Department.

ANALYSIS OF NOTRE DAME'S PRINCIPAL WATERS.

N. R. Gibson and J. W. Forbing, Ph. C.

University Chemical Laboratory.

SOURCE.	TOTAL SOLIDS AT 105° C (1)	VOLATILE MATTER (1)	CHLORINE. (1)	FREE AMMONIA. (2)	ALBUMINOID (2) AMMONIA.	RELATIVE PURITY.
Manual Labor School.....	24.80	10.30	.4200	.0125	.0162	Great Purity.
Brownson Campus.....	10.85	4.99	.2310	.0500	.0550	Great Purity.
Carroll Campus	17.20	7.30	.3010	.0375	.2600	Suspicious.
Convent.....			.5520	.0375	.0875	Medium.
Community House	20.50	7.60	.4480	.3281	.1250	Suspicious.
Novitiate.....	20.20	7.80	.3850	.0250	.0000	Great Purity.
St. Joseph's Lake.....	18.40	10.00	.2450	.2250	.1750	Suspicious.
St. Mary's Lake.....	22.80	11.40	.3500	1.1475	.4900	Impure.

(1) Grains per gallon.
(2) Parts per million (mlg. per litre).